COLUMBIA AND HARVARD SEND 58 PHYSICIANS TO AID IN EUROPEAN WAR

Large Contingent of Nurses, Too, Sail to Care for Sick and Wounded.

The Harvard unit of the American Red Cross, made up of thirty-three doctors who are graduates of that university, with their wives and a staff of trained nurses, sailed to-day on the Noordam of the Holland-American Line. They go to Woolwich, England, to be assibned to war service from there.

The unit is in charge of Dr. Richard S. Austin, assisted by Dr. A. Quackenbush. Harvard graduates and the university will defray their expenses. There are one hundred and thirteen persons in the unit.

Another college unit sailing to-day is the Columbia representation, which goes on the Themistocles of the Greek Line. With this party is Dr. Harry Plotz, youthful pathologist of at Mt. Sinai Hospital, who recently announced the discovery of an antitoxin for typhus. Dr. Plotz and the Columbia contingent will proceed to Nish, the war capital of Serbia, and their efforts will be directed against typhus and cholera.

Columbia is not alone represented in the unit, although it is in her name. There are eighteen Columbia men, six Princeton men and one from the University of Pennsylvania.

RUNAWAY BOY'S STORY MAKES POLICEMEN CRY

But Most of It Was a Fake, and Now Willie Will Do the Crying.

Huddled under the steps of a bath house at Coney Island, eleven-year-old William Titcomb was found to-day by Sergeant Lanigan. At the Coney Island Police Station his story brought him food and money.

He ran away from home June 3, when his father died, he said. His mother had died some time ago. At Coney Island he begged scraps to eat during the day and slept on the sand at night. The patrolmen were crying when he finished.

Then some one discovered that Willie Titcomb had been reported missing on June 3 by his father, William Titcomb of No. 1437 Sterling Place, Brooklyn. Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb, alive and well, were found at home. Willie ran away June 3 when he was sent from school to bring his father back with him so that he might learn of his son's doings.

Willie was sent to the Children's Society. His parents will take him home later.

A Broom and Duster "Bobby Burns;" a Poet Janitor Discovered by President of Board of Education

AM I MY BROTHERS KEEPER

W. D. CADDELL

Painting "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Inspires Writing of Remarkable Verses by a Cleaner—Story of His Own Career Shows High Order of Literary Ability.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

He is a little man—prematurely aged, for he is only in his thirties; and he might have written his best poem at twenty-nine, according to the Harvard President's estimate of the age of man's best mentalities.

As he sat there in a corner waiting for President Churchill of the Board of Education (the President had told me about a letter he had received from this man) I could not help thinking that when he was a little boy he must have been one of the kind that "looks like a little old man."

Is he a genius—a second Bobby Burns? Or is he to be, or not to be—that is the question.

At any rate he has written two poems and two short letters that at least make you feel, as Mr. Churchill told him: "You know perhaps a bit more than some of the men who sit in these rooms."

For he is just that—a sweeper of the Board of Education rooms. And he was inspired by a picture on the wall which he had to see every day as he dusted it—a picture of a park bench on which are asleep the destitute, the derelict and the distressed. The name of the picture is, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

It got into the very marrow of his bones, he said, and he just had to tell how he felt about it.

SENDS HIS POEM TO PRESIDENT OF EDUCATION BOARD.

But what good? thought he; no one would ever see the poem, for what chance had he—a poor man from Bonnie Scotland, in the business of "cleaning the windows, scrubbing the floor, and polishing the handle of the big front door."

Yet a gleam of hope came. Why not show it to the President—the man at the head of all education, whom he had seen so often in these rooms, but who, of course, had never seen him?

So that is how it came about—the finding of a poet perhaps, and this is the letter he wrote to the President when he sent him the poem:

June 9, 1915.

Mr. Thomas W. Churchill,
President Board of Education,
No. 561 West 161st Street, City.

Dear Sir—In one of the rooms in this building (Board of Education) hangs a painting of rare worth. I refer to "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Several times, while helping to clean the board room, I have seen the picture, each time its message appealing to me increasingly. The inclosed verse is the result of my introspective views. Why do I send you my poetic outbreak? That is a puzzle even to myself. Probably sub-conscious conceit prompts my action; perhaps your exposed position tempts me to play the villain. Public office carries the penalty of public bombardment.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM D. CADDELL.

The poem is as follows:

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Comes the thought,
Have I in earnestness the meaning caught?
Have I in righteousness contrived and sought
The meaning to employ?
Or, nodding light approval, have I gone
My way, self-centred, purblind eyes fixed on
A gilt-trimmed goal, for which my soul I'd pawn,
My higher self destroy?

Seldom the mind disputes a note of worth,
Seldom the heart denies the ills of earth;
But oft, too oft, the hand heeds not the birth
Of impulse to retrieve!
'Tis common to commend the truth, the right,
'Tis common to denounce the wrongs that blight,
Alas, 'tis also common to take flight
When beckoned to relieve!

We see, we hear, we feel, resolve to aid;
Then careless grow, or halt because afraid;
Perchance desire to succor does not fade
Until the cost we count.
Willing to help are we if helping means
No strain on purse or joys, no comfort weans;
Willing to help are we if helping gleans
What hinders us to mount.

A little of our surplus money, time,
We may bestow to sponge some noxious grime,
To heights of sacrifice we rarely climb,
Draw back in wrath or dread.
"Sweet charity!" Our breasts swell at the shout
As we our table sweepings spread about;
If love and sympathy are quite shut out,
Then charity is dead.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Comes the call
To do my part, however hard or small,
Attempt to lift, encourage those that fall,
Victims or fools or blind.
Mine not to question, mine the helping hand;
Mine not to lecture, mine the propping stand;
Mine not to crave applause, payment demand;
Mine but to soul-growth find!
—William Douglas Caddell.

Upon receipt of this letter and poem Mr. Churchill sent for Caddell to come to see him, after which he received from Caddell the following letter and poem:

June 13, 1915.

Mr. Thomas W. Churchill,
No. 561 West 161st Street, City.

Dear Sir—Yesterday you questioned, I answered; you weighed—so did I. While somewhat embarrassed, still my mental scales were not seriously disturbed. That I found you full weight the inclosed poem endeavors to testify. The poem is yours, Mr. Churchill — exclusively, absolutely yours.

Perhaps my replies to your inquiries were disappointing. Words drip much more readily from my pen than they do from my tongue. My education, such as it is, has been acquired far apart from school or teacher, which may account for my lack of conversational ability. In fact, many, many words I write I would not dare attempt to pronounce, knowing that I would butcher the pronunciation.

In a few days I will send you a brief sketch of my past deeds and misdeeds, the latter largely in the majority, though none so black that I may not ask a policeman safely where Hoboken snuggles.

That gratitude meets your generous interest you must feel. Sincerely,
WM. D. CADDELL.

Whit is a freend? You cannae tell
Until you're hedged wi' imps frae hell,
An' human gawks derision yell;
Then freend it is, if freend there be,
Wha stoops an' tries tae lift you free.

Life is an unco tricky road,
Wi' nae respect for feet or load,
Fixed certainty its only code.
An' some o' us maun fa' tae le'rn,
Jist like a foolish fire-scorched bairn.

The best o' earth hae slipped a wee,
But no' in straits tae ever be,
Their fa' jist made them clearer see;
A lesson mortals a' should heed
An' cherish for some future need.

There is nae crime in bein' doon,
The crime is in the spiteful froon,
In makin' nae attempt tae croon
The tumble wi' an upward heave
That stupid days wid far back leave.

An' once again the freend stands near,
Tae help, tae comfort an' tae cheer—
Tae chase the loneliness an' fear,
As upward struggles he wha tripped
An' intae trouble sairly slipped.

That sich a freend you'd be, I ken;
Your he'rt is no' a darksome glen,
Nor mind a dismal, selfish den;
They're fu' o' licht an' love for those
Wha suffer harsh misfortune's blows.
W. D. CADDELL.

June 13, 1915.

The story of his life in his own words follows with a letter:

June 18, 1915.

Mr. Thomas W. Churchill,
No. 561 West 161st Street, City.

Dear Sir: To be one's own Boswell is a difficult task. The letter "I," when standing alone and capitalized, becomes a most seductive word. Also, imagination and heroics will battle alluringly for recognition. However, I believe the autobiographical sketch inclosed embodies nothing save unclad facts.

As instructed by your secretary, Mr. Johnson, I shall visit you to-morrow morning. But not before 10.30, as up to that time I will be on duty.

Sincerely, WM. D. CADDELL.

A LILLIPUTIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

1883.

My terrestrial debut occurred on St. Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, in Glasgow, Scotland. I came, I saw, I whimpered, and the universe rolled on in heedless serenity. An inauspicious beginnig for one whose future dream-nursing parents perched upon a dizzy niche, among the world's kings. To-day that child, a man in years, rubs elbows—and floors—with the scavengers of earth! Alas and alack! Again alas and alack! Once more alas and alack!

1884.

My father now dead, my mother penniless, to provide for me more than for herself she entered a cotton mill. Soon she had a finger torn off. To-day the empty space in her hand, paradoxically speaking, has a clutch on my heart which neither tongue nor pen can describe.

1885.

My mother braved a second matrimonial venture. A marriage of convenience to her, it developed into a marriage of mutual love, ideal in its strength and purity. In John Black I found a father.

1890.

I grew, cheating disease and doctors.

1891.

I went to school—in Glasgow. I fought classmates harder than I studied lessons; I received more whippings from teachers than I did promotions. Sensitive, obstinate, easier led than driven, my ways were not their ways—and I suffered. The physical pain, however, was much less severe than the mental.

1892.

My parents (my stepfather had become "dady") emigrated to the States, I with them. Put to school in Chicago, I discovered that American teachers were humane and patient instead of harsh and domineering.

This same year I was toted back to Caledonia and its skin-peeling educational system.

1894.

Again Neptune's stomach bitters, Chicago and school.

1896.

I became a wage-earner. Partly due to stupidity, chiefly due to travelling and the unlearning, in each country, of much already learned, I was a third grade "graduate" when my schooling ended.

1903.

My stepfather died, leaving behind a brood of wee bairns, but little cash. Circumstances and necessity unanimously elected me head of the family. A mighty hard struggle followed, but my economical mother managed to keep the wolf so distant from our door that his skulking form was visible only to her and to me.

1906.

We beat the wolf back into its lair. Having mastered shorthand I was now a stenographer and a member of earth's elite. Instead of holding a job, I held a position; instead of drawing a wage I drew a salary. However, I detested the position, while adoring the salary. Clerical life, I discovered, was fringed with cheap sham, with a class distinction which contained neither class nor distinction. And the humbler the clerk the more dizzy his visionary perch. Accustomed to the unstarched democracy of the unstarched toiler, this ink-and-ledger scale of aristocracy filled me with a disgust which my funnybone—and the salary—kept beneath the blankets of expediency. Then, too, though self-corralled my English, I knew that as a word craftsman I was at least ears higher than those whose dictation I had to thresh out on the typewriter. But I did not sour. The salary precluded such a nincompoopian frame of mind. Instead, I thought thoughts, resolved resolutions and read furiously.

1912.

Having a little cash, my mother and the bairns in financial health, I sprouted wings—prematurely. I became an "angel." But I flew neither high nor far. Soon the show I fostered disowned me, disinherited me. Then, rather than face the doubtful sympathy of my Chicago acquaintances, I started East.

1915.

For the past three years I have been a wanderer, working at anything that would let me live reasonably well. Frequently, however, I have banqueted on husks (occasionally even the husks were denied me), and carried "the banner." Such experiences, while painful, are of benefit to open minds.

OSBORNE SWEARS HE NEVER POSED AS GAY DECEIVER

(Continued from First Page.)

ter? A. I found it on the desk in my office.

Q. Had you been away? A. I had been in Providence, but my best recollection is I received it the day it came to my office. It was dated Sunday, Dec. 27.

Q. Did you notice where it was posted from—what station? A. No. I paid no attention to it.

Q. Did you read the letter? A. (wearily) Yes. I spoke to Mr. Garvan. I think I gave it to him.

Q. When did you receive the next letter? A. Allow me to refresh my recolection.

Q. How? A. With a check I gave at that time. I think it was some time about that date, Feb. 11. I cashed that check at the New York Athletic Club. While I was there I asked if there was any mail, and the clerk at the desk handed me a number of letters.

Q. What letters were handed to you at the club?

Mr. Osborne took the package of letters addressed by Rae to "Dear Oliver" and sorted out eight or nine.

Q. When did you receive the next letter? A. About Feb. 17, at my office.

Q. Did you ever receive any other letters from Miss Tanzer? A. No. Those are all I received directly from her.

TELLS OF TELEPHONE CALL TO MISS TANZER.

Q. You were trying a case in Providence? A. Yes. I went there about Dec. 19 and began a trial the following Monday.

Q. You did nothing after receiving the first letter? A. No.

Q. But after receiving the letters at the club you did communicate with the person who wrote them? A. Yes. I was in the Roma restaurant, where I got another check cashed. She wrote later that it was 9.15 A. M.

Q. You went there to telephone Miss Tanzer? A. I had that intent when I went there. I telephoned Miss Ferris, my secretary and stenographer, to meet me at the Roma restaurant, and she came there.

"I told Miss Ferris to call that girl on the telephone," said Mr. Osborne. "She called her at 4960 Welrose. I told her to tell the girl she had made a mistake and to come down to my office and I'd prove it to her."

Q. And Mis Ferris told you the girl wanted to talk to you? A. Yes. I told her I didn't know her, and if she'd come down to my office I'd prove to her that I had never seen her. She went on repeating that I was Oliver and she knew me and knew what she was about. I didn't care to hear any more and I hung up. That's the first time I ever talked with her and the last.

Mr. Osborne identified the letter he received from Rae Tanzer a few days later, also the campaign photograph of himself taken in 1905 she had clipped from a newspaper and enclosed.

Q. Did you talk with any one about it? A. Yes; with my partner, Mr. Lamb, and got legal advice. I called up Police Headquarters and talked with a sergeant on the telephone.

Q. You knew there was a statute in this State against blackmail, and that if you had the facts you could prosecute this woman for blackmail? A. I had the facts! Certainly I had the facts! Yes, I could prosecute her for blackmail.

MISTOOK NAME WHEN CALLED ON TELEPHONE.

Mr. Osborne said a police sergeant came down from Police Headquarters the afternoon of the day he received the last letter from Rae Tanzer. He showed all the letters to the sergeant and let him take one of them away.

Q. Did you see any of the county authorities? A. No, not in connection with this case.

Q. Do you remember the date of your telephone conversation with Mr. Slade? A. Yes; on the evening of March 8. I didn't think of anything except that it was my friend, Mr. Jack Slaght, of The World, on the 'phone, and I talked with him.

Q. At that time no summons or complaint had been served on you in Rae Tanzer's suit? A. No, sir.

Q. What did you say on the telephone? A. I said, "Is this my dear old friend, Jack Slaght?" He didn't say anything except "A girl has come into my office and sworn to an affidavit that you promised to marry her." I promised to call at his office; but I naturally went to The World office and waited for Slaght. He was not there.

Q. You called up Slade & Slade next day? A. Yes. Rufus Peckham of my office told me I had made a mistake; that Slade had called up our office.

Asked about his offer to "write a bushel of letters" for Slade & Slade, Mr. Osborne said: "Yes. They could anything I wrote. I think it is one of the most absurd things I ever heard of—a man writing a lot of love letters and delivering them himself to a girl."

"I agree with you about the absurdity of it," said Mr. Littleton, drily.

Q. You have been Assistant District Attorney in New York? A. For eleven years.

Q. And you have prosecuted persons for blackmail? A. Yes; oh, yes.

Q. But you did not ask the State authorities to take any action against this young woman? A. No.

DOCTOR IS BADLY HURT WHEN TRAIN HITS AUTO

Dr. D. N. Dulson Injured at Unguarded Crossing in Rockville Centre, L. I.

Dr. D. N. Dulson, sixty-five years old, President of the village of Rockville Centre, L. I., was injured so severely that he may die when his automobile was struck by a Long Island Railroad train at an unguarded crossing near the Rockville Centre Station this morning. He is in a critical condition at his home and an investigation of the accident is under way.

The crossing is flanked by shrubbery and trees and there is neither a flagman nor a gate guarding it. The auto was in the centre of the track when it was struck. Dr. Dulson had tried to leap from the car and he fell to the ground fifteen feet away, suffering a broken arm, a compound fracture of the left leg and internal injuries.

The train was stopped and passengers gave what aid was possible until the arrival of Dr. A. L. Higgins and Dr. Frank T. Delane. Dr. Dulson was then hurried to his home on Park Avenue. He is one of the most widely-known men in Nassau County and has been President of the village of Rockville Centre for three consecutive terms.

CONNOLLY AND BROWN ARE GOLF FINALISTS.

Stuart D. Connolly will meet Charles H. Brown of Saegkill, in the thirty-six hole decisive test to-day at the Rockland Country Club.

By way of novelty the conditions were arranged so that even the semi-final matches, which were played yesterday, would be over the thirty-six hole route. Connolly took a lead early in the day against C. V. Benton of Saegkill, and retired for luncheon three holes to the good. He ultimately won, 5 to 4.

SEMI-PRO PLAYERS TO PLAY WITH GIANTS.

PITTSBURGH, June 26.—Announcement was made here last night that John Miljus, a pitcher, and Charles Sweeney, an outfielder, playing with the Collegians, a semi-professional local team had been signed to play with the New York Giants. The men will report after Labor Day.

Right to Hold Up Mails Abroad Conceded by U. S.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—No protest will be made by the United States against interferences with American mails passing through European belligerent territory to neutrals. Since belligerents are permitted to censor cable messages in transit through their territory, officials here take the position that letters would seem to be subject to the same risks.